

# SISTER ROSE.

## A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

He paused, and Trudaine again endeavored to speak such words as might show that he was not unworthy of the deadly risk which Lomaque was prepared to encounter. But once more the chief-agent peremptorily and irritably interposed.

"I tell you, for the third time," he said, "I will listen to no expressions of gratitude from you, till I know when I deserve them. It is true that I recollect your father's timely kindness to me—true that I have not forgotten what passed five years since, at your house by the river side. I remember everything down to what you would consider the very last—that cup of coffee, for instance, which your sister kept hot for me. I told you then that you would think better of me some day. I know that you do now. But this is not all. You want to clarify me to my face for risking my life for you. I am weary of life. I can't look back to it with pleasure. I am too old to look forward to what is left of it with hope. There was something in that night at your house before the wedding—something in what you said, in what your sister did—which altered me. I have had my days of gloom and self-reproach, from time to time, since then. I have sickened at my slavery, and subjection, and duplicity, and cringing, first under one master, then under another. I have longed to look back at my life, and comfort myself with the sight of some good action, just as a frugal man comforts himself with the sight of his little savings laid by in an old drawer. I can't do this, and I want to do it. The want takes me like a fit, at uncertain intervals—suddenly, under the most incomprehensible influences. A glance up at the blue sky—startling over the houses of this great city, when I look out at the night from my garret window—a child's voice coming suddenly, I don't know where from—the piping of my neighbor's linnets in his little cage—now one thing, and then another, wakes up that want in me in a moment. Rascals as I am, those few simple words your sister spoke to the judge went through and through me like a knife. Strange, in a man like me, isn't it? I am amazed at it myself. My life! Bah! I've let it out for hire to be kicked about by rascals from one dirty place to another, like a football! It's my whim to give it a last kick myself, and throw it away decently before it tumbles on the dunghill forever. Your sister kept a good cup of coffee hot for me, and I give her a bad life in return. Thank me for it! What folly! Thank me when I have done something useful. Don't thank me for that!"

He snapped his fingers contemptuously as he spoke, and walked away to the outer door to receive the jailer, who returned at that moment.

"Well," inquired the hunchback, "has anybody asked for me?"

"No," said Lomaque; "not a soul has entered the room. What sort of wine did you get?"

"So-so! Good at a pinch, friend—good at a pinch."

"Ah! you should go to my shop and try a certain cask, filled with a particular vintage!"

"What shop? Which vintage?"

"I can't stop to tell you now; but we shall most likely meet again to-day. I expect to be at the prison this afternoon. Shall I ask for you? Good! I won't forget!" With those farewell words he went out, and never so much as looked back at the prisoners before he closed the door behind him.

When her brother sat down by her, she only took his hand gently, and said: "Let us stop together like this, Louis, till the time comes. I am not afraid of it, for I have nothing but you to make me love life, and you, too, are going to die. Do you remember the time when I used to grieve that I never had a child to be some comfort to me? I was thinking a moment ago how horrible it would have been now, if my wish had been granted. It is a blessing for me, in this great misery, that I am childless! Let us talk of old days, Louis, as long as we can—not of my husband, or my marriage—only of the old times, before I was a burden and a trouble to you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE day wore on. By ones, twos, and threes at a time, the condemned prisoners came from the tribunal, and collected in the waiting room. At two o'clock all was ready for the calling over of the death-list. It was read and verified by an officer of the court; and then the gaoler took his prisoners back to St. Lazare.

Evening came. The prisoners' meal

had been served; the duplicate of the death-list had been read in public at the grate; the cell doors were all locked. From the day of their arrest, Rose and her brother, partly through the influence of a bribe, partly through Lomaque's intercession, had been confined together in one cell; and together they now awaited the dread event of the morrow.

The morning came, and the hot summer sunrise. What life was left in the terror-struck city awoke for the day faintly; and still the suspense of the long night remained unlightened. It was drawing near the hour when the tumbrels were to come for the victims doomed on the day before. Trudaine's ear could detect even the faintest sound in the echoing prison-region outside his cell. Soon, listening near the door, he heard voices disputing on the other side of it. Suddenly the bolts were drawn back, the key turned in the lock, and he found himself standing face to face with the hunchback and one of his subordinate attendants.

"Look!" muttered this last man, sulkily, "there they are, safe in their cell. Just as I said; but I tell you again they are not down in the list. What do you mean by bullying me about not chalking their door last night, along with the rest? Catch me doing your work for you again, when you're too drunk to do it yourself!"

"Hold your tongue, and let me have another look at the list!" returned the hunchback, turning away from the cell door, and snatching a slip of paper from the other's hand. "The devil take me if I can make head or tail of it!" he exclaimed, scratching his head, after a careful examination of the list. "I could swear that I read over their names at the grate yesterday afternoon, with my own lips; and yet, look as long as I may, I certainly can't find them written down here. Give us a pinch, friend. Am I awake or dreaming? drunk or sober this morning?"

"Sober, I hope," said a quiet voice at his elbow, "I have just looked in to see how you are after yesterday."

"How I am, Citizen Lomaque? Petrified with astonishment. You yourself took charge of that man and woman for me, in the waiting room, yesterday morning; and as for myself, I could swear to having read their names at the grate yesterday afternoon. Yet this morning there are no such things as these said names to be found in the list. What do you think of that?"

"And what do you think," interrupted the aggrieved subordinate, "of his having the impudence to bully me for being careless in chalking the doors, when he was too drunk to do it himself?—too drunk to know his right hand from his left! If I wasn't the best natured man in the world, I should report him to the head gaoler."

"Quite right of you to excuse him, and quite wrong of him to bully you," said Lomaque, persuasively. "Take my advice," he continued confidentially to the hunchback, "and don't trust too implicitly to that slippery memory of yours, after our little drinking bout yesterday. You could not really have read their names at the grate, you know, or of course they would be down on the list. As for the waiting room at the tribunal, a word in your ear: chief-agents of police know strange secrets. The president of the court condemns and pardons in public; but there is somebody else, with the power of ten thousand presidents, who now and then condemns and pardons in private. You can guess who. I say no more, except that I recommend you to keep your head on your shoulders, by troubling it about nothing but the list there in your hand. Stick to that literally, and nobody can blame you. Make a fuss about mysteries that don't concern you, and—"

Lomaque stopped, and holding his hand edgewise, let it drop significantly over the hunchback's head. The action, and the hints which preceded it, seemed to bewilder the little man more than ever. He stared perplexedly at Lomaque; uttered a word or two of rough apology to his subordinate, and rolling his misshapen head portentously, walked away with the death-list crumpled up nervously in his hand.

"I should like to have a sight of them, and see if they really are the same man and woman whom I looked after yesterday morning in the waiting room," said Lomaque, putting his hand on the cell door, just as the deputy-jailer was about to close it again.

"Look in, by all means," said the man. "No doubt you will find that drunken booby as wrong in what he told you about them as he is about everything else."

Lomaque made use of the privilege granted to him immediately. He saw Trudaine sitting with his sister in the corner of the cell farthest from the door, evidently for the purpose of preventing her from overhearing the con-

versation outside. There was an unsettled look, however, in her eyes, a slowly heightening color in her cheeks, which showed her to be at least vaguely aware that something unusual had been taking place in the corridor.

Lomaque beckoned to Trudaine to leave her, and whispered to him: "The prescription has worked well. You are safe for to-day. Break the news to your sister, as gently as you can, Danville"—he stopped and listened till he satisfied himself, by the sound of the deputy-gaoler's footsteps, that the man was lounging toward the farther end of the corridor. "Danville," he resumed, "after having mixed with the people outside the grate yesterday, and having heard your names read, was arrested in the evening by secret order from Robespierre, and sent to the Temple. What charge will be laid to him, or when he will be brought to trial, it is impossible to say. I only know that he is arrested. Hush! don't talk now; my friend outside is coming back. Keep quiet—hope everything from the chances and changes of public affairs; and comfort yourself with the thought that you are both safe for to-day."

"And to-morrow?" whispered Trudaine.

"Don't think of to-morrow," returned Lomaque, turning away hurriedly to the door. "Let to-morrow take care of itself."

CHAPTER XIX.

IN a spring morning, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, the public conveyance then running between Châlons-sur-Marne and Paris set down one of its outside passengers at the first post-station beyond Meaux.

The traveler, an old man, after looking about him hesitatingly for a moment or two, betook himself to a little inn opposite the post-house known by the sign of the Plebald Horse, and kept by the Widow Duval—a woman who enjoyed and deserved the reputation of being the fastest farker and the best maker of gibelotte in the whole locality.

He sat down alone in the inn-parlor and occupied the time, while his hostess had gone to fetch the half-bottle of wine that he ordered; in examining a dirty old card which he extricated from a mass of papers in his pocket book, and which bore written on it these lines:

"When the troubles are over, do not forget those who remember you with eternal gratitude. Stop at the first post-station beyond Meaux, on the high-road to Paris, and ask at the inn for Citizen Maurice, whenever you wish to see us or to hear of us again."

"Pray," inquired Lomaque, putting the card in his pocket when the Widow Duval brought in the wine, "can you inform me whether a person named Maurice lives anywhere in this neighborhood?"

"Can I inform you?" repeated the voluble widow. "Of course I can! Citizen Maurice, and the citoyenne, his amiable sister—who is not to be passed over because you don't mention her, my honest man!—live within ten minutes' walk of my house. A charming cottage, in a charming situation, inhabited by two charming people—so quiet, so retiring, such excellent par. I supply them with everything—fowls, eggs, bread, butter, vegetables (not that they eat much of anything), wine (which they don't drink half enough of to do them good); in short, I victual the dear little hermitage, and love the two amiable recluses with all my heart. Ah! they have had their troubles, poor people, the sister especially, though they never talk about them. When they first came to live in our neighborhood—"

"I beg pardon, citoyenne, but if you would only be so kind as to direct me—"

"Which is three—no, four—no, three years and a half ago—in short, just after the time when that Satan of a man, Robespierre, had his head cut off (and serve him right!) I said to my husband (who was on his last legs then, poor man!) 'She'll die!'—meaning the lady. She didn't, though. My fowls, eggs, bread, butter, vegetables and wine, carried her through—always in combination with the anxious care of Citizen Maurice. Yes, yes! let us be tenderly conscientious in giving credit where credit is due; never let us forget that the citizen Maurice contributed something to the cure of the interesting invalid, as well as the victuals and drink from the Plebald Horse. There she is now, the prettiest little woman in the prettiest little cottage—"

"Where? Will you be so obliging as to tell me where?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Withering.

From the Plunkville Bugle: "We have it on good authority that the insect which is gradually sapping the vitals of the Clarion under the impression that he is editing it, is he is personally responsible for the marks he has chosen to make. That's where his editorial is. The groceries he owes for."

Campaign buttons are now on.

True nobility shows itself, in doing good.

Mr. Pace is a Kansas horse buyer. He's hard to beat.

The government should serve not the politicians but the people.

Valuable French as Secured.

The franchise of many digestion—one of the most valuable in a gift of medical science—can be secured by any person wise enough to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, either as a cure for growing dyspepsia, or to prevent it at its source. Biliousness, rheumatism and fever and gun-sufferers, persons troubled with nervousness, and the constipated, should also secure the valuable franchise by the same means.

It is easy to be gallant to strangers because one doesn't have to keep it up.

Pilo's Cure for Consumption, is our only efficacious cure for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. C. Pilo, 428 8th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '93

Politeness is such a strain that everyone is glad when a guest goes home.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Hires' Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething.

A modest woman is one who does not tell her doctor everything.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.

# Eat

Naturally, have a good appetite, keep your blood pure and your nerves strong by taking

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure constipation, headache, etc.

Don't take substitutes to save a few pennies. It won't pay you. Always insist on Hires' Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25¢ package (also 5¢) contains 500 bottles.

## PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

## RODS

For finding and locating Gold or Silver. One lot of hidden treasures. N. D. POWELL, Box 357, Southampton, Conn.

T. N. U.—HOUSTON—23—1896.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.



**BATTLE AX**

**BIG AND GOOD.**

# Battle-Ax PLUG

Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money. No doubt about that. But once in a while it isn't. For instance, there's "BATTLE AX." The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good." There's no guess work in this statement. It is just a plain fact. You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

## RESCUED FROM DEATH.

The Son of Mr. Munzesheimer, General Merchant, Ardmore, I. T., Lay in Dallas, Texas, at the Point of Collapse—Could Not Leave His Bed or Move Without Pain—Suffered Terribly Until Veno's Medicine Cured Him Completely.

Read the Following Sworn Statement of the Facts, Showing Veno's Electric Fluid and Veno's Curative Syrup to be the Most Phenomenal Medicines in Existence.

Doctors were powerless to assist the young man. At last Veno's medicines were recommended by J. E. Cole, Jr., a prominent attorney of Dallas, with the following result:

City of Dallas,  
County of Dallas, ss.  
State of Texas,  
Personally appeared before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, W. Munzesheimer, who, being by me first duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he had been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for three weeks and was confined to his bed for five days, and for eight days was entirely unable to walk, was swollen in nearly every joint and very weak. He was treated with Veno's Electric Fluid and Veno's Curative Syrup and in three days after the first treatment was able to be out of bed and walk around and now feels all right, entirely free from all pains and walks about as well as ever. His father is Mr. M. Munzesheimer, a general merchant at Ardmore, I. T. The young man is well known by J. E. Cole, Jr., a prominent attorney of this city, who induced him to try Veno's remedies.

Witness my hand and subscribed by the said W. Munzesheimer in my presence this 15th day of November, A. D. 1895.

Notary Public, Dallas Co., Tex.

VENO'S CURATIVE SYRUP is the best and only scientific cure. It permanently cures catarrhs (chills and fever) and thoroughly cures catarrh, constipation, and strengthens the nerves, clears the brain, invigorates the stomach and purifies the blood, leaving no ill effects. This medicine has for its base the famous medicinal water, the great germ destroyer and blood purifier, and when used with

VENO'S ELECTRIC FLUID will cure the worst and most desperate cases of rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, neuralgia and all aches and pains. No home should be without these medicines. Sold at 25¢ each, each two for 45¢. Ask your druggist to get Veno's Curative Syrup and Veno's Electric Fluid for you.

VENO'S CHILL CURE positively stops chills in one night. 25¢. At drug stores.